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POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

TROPICAL LIFE

*White flower,
Your petals float away;
But I hardly hear them.*

TWENTY-FOUR HOURS

The day is so long and white,
A road all dust,
Smooth monotony;
And the night at the end,
A hill to be climbed,
Slowly, laboriously,
While the stars prick our hands
Like thistles.

THE STORM

Herds of black elephants,
Rushing over the plains,
Trample the stars.
The ivory tusk of the leader
(Or was it the moon?)
Flashes, and is gone.
Tree tops bend;
Crash;
Fire from hoofs;
And still they rush on:

Evelyn Scott

Trampling the stars,
Bellowing,
Roaring.

RAINY SEASON

A flock of parrakeets
Hurled itself through the mist;
Harsh wild green
And clamor-tongued,
Through the dim white forest.
They vanished,
And the lips of Silence
Sucked at the roots of life.

THE YEAR

Days and days float by.
On the sides of the mountains
Blue shadows shift
And sift into silence.
Morning
The cock crows.
There is that rosy glow on the mountains' edge.
José in the door of his hut,
Maria's lace bobbins
Tapping, tapping.
Evening
The parrot's shrill cry,